



P O E M S.

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*Geo. Offr. the 6th
will be at the Royal
POEMS :*

BY SPERO,

A U T H O R O F " I M A G I N A T I O N . "

" If London stamps this with its good report,
It franks it through the world."

L O N D O N .

MDCCCLVIII.

[PROOFS FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.]

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TO
THE RIGHT HONORABLE
SIR EDW. BULWER LYTTON, BART., M.P.,
&c., &c., &c.,
THE BRILLIANCY OF WHOSE GENIUS
WILL THROW A HALO AROUND HIS NAME
IN THAT TEMPLE
WHERE FAME'S PROUD FINGER
WILL,
THROUGHOUT ALL TIME,
DIRECT THE GAZE OF ADMIRATION,
These Poems
ARE,
WITH PERMISSION, DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

God only is original. Heaven, with its brilliant sun, its paler moon, and glittering stars—the fertile earth, the sea, and all within them, are the work of His hand. Nature is His handmaid; and she, after the lapse of ages, still produces man after his kind, beast and bird after their kind; flowers and fruits in their season, and corn in the time of harvest. Her principles of life and death

are the same: as with the generations of to-day, so with those of yesterday, and of to-morrow. Her voice, whether she sighs in the zephyr, or thunders in the storm, is still the same; all are signs and echoes, that Nature may produce, but that which she has once organically accomplished, she never varies.

Still the cry of man is for originality. If you would be great, copy Nature, and be original, is the theme he gives to the artist, the architect, the musician, and the poet: this cry has been heard for ages, is repeated now, and will be echoed by the generations yet to come.

That Nature should be our copy, we must all admit. From her features and the play of the

feelings and passions of man descend our originality; and all the books that were ever written, from the same love and hope, malice and revenge, ambition, pride, and arrogance, and even the same cruelty, all must come. It is only in the varying of these we can avoid plagiarism, and consequently censure.

To give a new feeling, or a new passion, defies even the ideal: in our dreams of heaven, we give earthly pleasures to it; in speaking of God, we are of His image; in describing angels, they are but human figures, with the wings of birds. We may praise the beauty of the form from the chisel of the sculptor; it is but a copy of man, the original. We may admire the design of the architect; it is but a copy of the orders of Greece.

We gaze with admiration upon the productions of the artist; all have existed before—orders, forms and colors. We admire the thought of the poet; it has lived long before in the breasts of thousands. We praise the song of the musician; it must be within the chord of harmony. Thus, we are all plagiarists; all bound by the rules of art, fixed by the critic. Nature has been my original; upon her basis I take my stand.

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P O E M S.

THE PASSION FLOWER.

A MIND was growing with a power,
Yet to the world unknown,
Sown at its birth, a passion flower,
With it had cherished grown—
And the mind and the flower grew,
Both fair and beautiful to human view.

“ Sweet flower, thy stems spreading wide,
“ With blossoms greet the sun,
“ Though many die at eventide,
“ To-morrow more bloom on ;
“ While mine are only in the bud,
“ Thy passion’s flowers every tendril stud.”

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 “ With blossoms greet the sun,
“ Though many die at eventide,
 “ To-morrow more bloom on ;
“ While mine are only in the bud,
 “ Thy passion’s flowers every tendril stud.”

“ Youth,” replies the feeling flower,
“ Thy hopes will bloom most fairly ;
“ Ambition’s sun, tho’ clouds may lower,
“ Expands thy young buds rarely.
“ Thy flowers, as mine, will blossom high,
“ In life’s warm day to live—its night to die.”

Honors, like flowers, bloom and fade,
Life and beauty ending ;
Ambition’s sun glides into shade,
With our days descending.
Age and the flower together sigh,
All earthly beauty blossoms but to die.

LINES TO THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Oh ! what art thou, thou brilliant glowing light
Of rosy hue,
Making the bright heaven still more warmly bright
To human view ?

Art thou the robes of spirits in their flight
To heaven's throne,
Whose passage swift seems but a ray of light
Of softest tone ?

Or art thou glory's beam, heaven's gate shining
Transiently through;
Its aerial space with beauty's light refining,
Intense and true ?

VIOLETTE.

Do you see the neat cot in the valley below,
O'er whose porch the bright roses so temptingly grow ;
Whose garden smiles gaily with spring's early flower,
And see you the maiden who sits in the bower ?
She is fairer than all the sweet flowers, and yet
She knows not her beauty, my sweet Violette.

From this spot I first saw her last spring in the morn,
When the sun, like her tresses, her face did adorn,
She was leading her sister, a fast-fading flower,
From the light of the sun to the shade of the bower ;
The sister has gone, but I ne'er can forget,
The love-smile she gave to my sweet Violette.

Oh my heart from that moment no more was my own,
How she blushed when I told her I prized her alone,
She blanch'd like the lily, then glowed like the rose,
As she sank in my arms like a child to repose :
Oh the bliss of that hour I ne'er can forget,
And to-morrow my bride is the sweet Violette.

SOUL.

SOUL, what art thou,—whence the flow
Of reason—proof of better life ?
Whence life's pleasure, whence its woe,
Whence ambition's fervent strife ?

I know, I feel it is thy power
Bids men toil to win fame's dower.

What is virtue, what is love,
But thy mission on God's earth ?
All thoughts are thine that rise above,
Making earthly life of worth ;
From heaven thou camest, and thou wert given
To link this life with that of heaven.

Childhood dreams not—fears not death,
There thy pureness shineth forth ;—
Thou art living—when the breath
Leaves this frame—a thing to loth—
In childhood's day ere sin creeps nigh,
Thy thoughts are love and purity.

Though man hopes heaven,—yet he fears
Death, which seems so blank and cold ;
Still thy inspiration cheers—
Makes his nobler feelings bold ;
Thus thy beauty onward flowing,
Keeps life's way more bright and glowing.

Age, though feeble, faint, and worn,
Dreads to lose thee from its frame ;
Loves the earth where it was born,
Fears life's fast expiring flame ;
A moment's pause—thou springest on high,
Winged for immortality.

OH! GIVE ME A HOME.

Oh! give me a home, 'mid the trees near a stream,
Where life with its flow glides away;
Whose rippling dances the sun's bright gleam,
As it plays o'er its surface gay;

Where flowers bloom gaily, and wave to the breeze,
And fill the light air with perfume;
The zephyrs breathe softly, while sweet humming bees
Fly off with their treasures and bloom;

Where vines bloom in fragrance, and cling to my home,
Sweet roses and woodbines entwine;
Where Nature's soft voice bids me never to roam,
But cling to the heart that is mine;

Where willows bend meekly and drink up the stream,
And birds skim the surface along,
The nightingale singeth, when luna's soft beam
Hath hush'd the sweet day birds of song ;

Where calmly and sweetly the young hours of life
With peace and contentment glide by ;
Where who shall love warmest alone is the strife,
And only the wind breathes a sigh.

ONE BY ONE LIFE'S CHARMS ARE BROKEN.

One by one life's charms are broken,
Passing time their form destroys—
Maiden's gift and youth's pure token,
Pictured hopes and fancied joys.

Oh that youth's best love and beauty,
The most angelic man can know,
Should give way to earth's stern duty,
Or on vice its heart bestow !

Many a vow young love hath made
Manhood leaves neglected lying—
Scorns the heart its words betray'd,
Leaves it blighted, wither'd, dying !

Hopes as bright as rainbows shining,
Now all beauty—now no more;
All the bliss of man's divining
Fades as soon as we adore.

Let the hearts then love united
Train the rose but fear its thorn—
Loving vows be e'er requited,
And each soul each life adorn.

Thus the chills of life destroying,
As the sun o'ercomes the snow,
Hearts one stream of soul enjoying,
Live unruffled here below.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

I saw a fair child with a young mother playing,
Her hopes were entwin'd round its sweet blooming
form ;
How gently she watched as its young steps were straying,
And her love it repaid with affection as warm !
And time on his swift wings onward flying,
Still found that sweet love as pure and undying.

I saw it in youth ;—the fond mother was weeping ;
The roses of health were all faded and gone ;
I saw her deep grief, when the sweet child was sleeping,
And hope was reposing on heaven alone ;
And time on his swift wings onward flying,
Still found that her faith was firm and undying.

I saw them once more—heard the mother's pure prayer,
It was wafted by faith to the heavenly throne,
And I felt that the essence of heaven was there—
The light of God's mercy upon them had shone ;
And time on his swift wings onward flying,
Gave joy to the heart whose faith was undying.

FORGET ME NOT.

FORGET ME NOT! for love I steal thee
From this lone yet smiling spot;
To one I love, go thou reveal me,
Teach her to forget me not.

With smiling beauty she accepts thee,
Places thee upon her breast;
Whisper, flower, if she but love me,
There would I for ever rest.

Oh win for me her heart, sweet flower,
Like thine own, without a blot ;
Oh plead for me until the hour,
She sighs, love forget me not.

THE MAIDEN.

FAIR and lovely as a flower
Blooming with the sweets of earth,
Shaded by a rosy bower,
Sat a maiden in her worth ;
Grace had blessed her—beauty's aid
Was given to adorn the maid.

Zephyrs played upon her cheek,
Her lover, blissful, stole a kiss—
As bees to gain the honey seek,
He sought honey sweet from this ;
Then the sweet rose blushing high,
Lit the brilliant flashing eye.

In youthful love the sunny hours,
Like bright minutes rapid fly,
Viewing life thro' sun and flowers,
Fills young hearts with ecstacy,
Cupid lent the youth his aid,
Loving he has won the maid.

THE BRIDE.

BLUSHING like a summer's morning,
Roses mantling, lilies pure,
Beauty's soul her face adorning;
Eyes whose beams could love secure,
Gaze on flowers, fear to greet
Him who would their ardour meet.

Distant bells are gaily ringing,
Fragrance fills the rosy air,
Happy birds are blithely singing,
Maidens strew their flowers fair,
Bells their music louder pealing,
Love is at the altar kneeling.

Each trembling with love's purest bliss,
Heart to heart is firmly wove,
Sealed by love's sweet bridal kiss ;
God has heard their vows of love,
Hymen's wreath entwines for life—
She is now a loving wife.

THE WIFE.

Now sitting in a cheerful home,
With a good—a happy mind,
She waits until her love shall come,
With affection still as kind
As when courtship's happy hour
Saw her in love's sun and bower.

Years have changed—but not her love
That to him still fondly clings ;
Her maiden choice life's years approve,
Love glides on with golden wings,
Lovely children, fair and pure,
Bind her heart more firmly sure.

True to love she yields control,
Trusts the mind her young love won,
Her warmer heart still woos his soul,
As the flower seeks the sun—
See the smile that lights his home,
Doubt has fled, her love has come.

THE MOTHER.

WHERE affection's star shines brightly,
Sits the mother with her child,
With it the hours passed more lightly,
Brighter when the infant smil'd,
Lisping words of innocence,
Guided by her into sense.

Fairer growing, fairer blooming,
Gentle counsels train its heart,
Virtue's rays its life illumining,
Nature overcometh art—
Bright example, life improving,
Makes it gentle, pure and loving.

All our early thoughts the mother
Leading, guiding, fills with grace,
Power sweeter than all other
Evil passions to efface :
As mothers train our early years,
So the fruit our manhood bears.

THE HOME OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

THOUGH friends once beloved may fade from our sight,
The hearts we have cherished beat for us no more,
There's a bright world above, they live in its light,
Our spirits will meet on its hallowed shore ;
In the home of the beautiful shining above—
The realm of the spirits, divine in their love.

There blissful as angels for ever to live,
Where harmony singeth her ever sweet lay ;
The flowers their fragrance and bloom ever give,
One bright sun illuminates eternity's day ;
In this home of the beautiful, sunshine and flowers
Ever smile on the spirits who live in its bowers.

There the Spirit of God in its glory divine,
Ever flows thro' the realms of the angels' bright home ;
Where the smile of his countenance ever will shine,
And beam on the spirits of earth when they come
To the home of the beautiful—shining above—
The realm of the spirits who live in his love.

LOVING EYES.

On the eyes that flash loving and bright
Win the heart that beats constant and true,
Cheer the soul like the sun's beaming light,
Or the flowers that sparkle with dew—
If there's ought in this world we should prize,
'Tis the beam of our love's loving eyes.

Let them flash in the day or the night,
The clouds of this life they dispel ;
When our hearts feel their soul-thrilling light,
The bright charms of their magical spell ;
Oh what bliss in those moments doth rise,
When we gaze on our love's loving eyes.

MARIE.

TRIP lightly o'er the green, Marie,
Steal softly on thy way—
Tho' all seems bright,
Thy heart feels light
And cheerful as the day—
Sly Cupid's on the watch, Marie,
To steal thy heart away.

Flee yonder path of mossy green,
Where birds are singing gay,
Where breezes soft
Thro' trees aloft,
And bees hum time away—
'Tis there he lurketh yet unseen,
Oh stay, Marie, oh stay.

Thy heart is lost, my fair Marie,
Now thou hast gain'd the lane,
For lover's eyes
And lover's sighs
Do seldom plead in vain,
And warm they look and breathe, Marie.
Thy simple heart to gain.

The blush is on thy cheek, Marie,
Love trembles in thine eye,
With pressure sweet
Thy lips do meet,
And breathe a tender sigh ;
Fly swiftly from the lane, Marie,
For danger lurketh nigh.

Thy home is gain'd, my poor Marie,
But sorrow's in thine heart —
Thy lover gone,
Thy soul alone
Will feel the poison'd dart
That false love aim'd at thee, Marie,
For life to feel the smart.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

THERE is a chord in ev'ry mind,
Strung to feel the touch of beauty,
Though sunk in guilt—some angel kind,
May gently moving bring to duty.

'Tis heaven's best gift and owes its life,
To Him who watches o'er the earth,
Its power sublime o'ercomes the strife
Of passions in their wildest birth.

Oh, seek to play upon its string,
To touch it with some gentle word,
It vibrates if an angel sing ;
When cold advice would ne'er be heard.

FAME :

A VISION.

ONCE in that sleep, when mind's awake,

A trumpet loud and shrill,

The tenements of soul did shake,

It came from fame's proud hill ;

A mind had shone in brilliant light,

And fame its censors put to flight.

Her temple's height, the toiling man

Had striven hard to gain ;

But he was blanched with age and wan,

And stricken down with pain,

Before he won the mighty name

That men did hear from trump of fame.

He saw the niche she gave to him,
Shining in glory's light ;
He felt his brain a moment swim
With transport's wild delight ;
And then he mourn'd the name she gave,
Would only light him to the grave.

With plaintive voice he cried to man—
Behold my youthful dream !
Though I have won the race I ran,
I sink in Lethe's stream ;
My soul was lit with light of truth,
But you disdained it in my youth.

And though, in age, I prize the name,
What deeds I might have done,
If you had honor'd me with fame
In youth when it was won ;
My purpose, then, was bold and high,
But now, alas, I sink ! I die !

SONG OF THE SKELETONS.

Come where the fire damps flitting fly,
Men of bones, men of bones ;
King Death on his throne of shanks sits high,
Men of bones, men of bones.
At the hour when corses quit the tomb,
Skeletons come to the cave of gloom ;
Where the oozing water stains the wall,
The worm in its darkness loves to crawl,
The roots of the trees that blossom above.
Wreathing fanatic, form death's grim grove.
Come skeleton band and bony throng,
Rattle a chorus to every song.

Hark ! hark ! to the sextons' mirth,
Their axes break the soil of earth ;
For old and young, for rich and poor,
Join us now as in days of yore,
Ropes are round the corses running,
Merry to night shall be your funning,
Men of bones, men of bones.

Marrowless, fleshless, nought want we,
Men of bones, men of bones.

In death we all are equal and free,
Men of bones, men of bones.

Fate is spinning and snapping her thread,
Each turn of her wheel leaves thousands dead ;
For she and grim death with purpose fell,
Toil on till the last man's earthly knell ;
Till heaven rings with the trump of doom,
Immortal spirits spring from the tomb,
Then rejoice, rejoice, ye bony throng,
Death and his harvest speed along.

Hark ! hark ! to the sextons' mirth,
Their axes break the soil of earth ;
For old and young, for rich and poor,
Join us now as in days of yore.
Ropes are round the corses running,
Merry to night shall be your funning.
Men of bones, men of bones.

SUNSHINE.

The dewy mists are melting slow,
The east is bright with golden glow,
And clouds and fogs must fade ;
Iris bends a varied bow,
The distant village smiles below,
In sunny light and shade.

Oh, God ! it is a brilliant sight,
To see earth's glories greet thy light,
Trees, and birds, and flowers ;
How gracious thou, with all thy might !
To bless man—all this shines so bright,
And all earth's golden hours.

The birds are singing on the bough,
The whistling peasant guides the plough,
 And cheerful crows the cock ;
The breeze is coolly gliding now,
The corn falls fast before the mow,
 And some is in the shock.

And some in ricks, in golden pride,
In distance gives a brighter side
 Against the shining sun ;
While fast around the sunbeams glide,
To light the prospect spreading wide—
 A glorious day's begun.

Light shines upon the distant hill,
Swift runs the stream, slow turns the mill,
 And happy hums the bee ;
The landscape all around is still,
As silent as our God's great will
 Of human destiny.

Many a varied row of trees
Greets the gently breathing breeze
That, noiseless, glides along ;
The seer-like robin winter sees,
And sings to man his prophecies,
And cheers him with his song.

Between the trees a brilliant beam,
Makes the distance smiling seem,
And shines upon a lake ;
Or lights upon a winding stream,
Where birds rejoice within its gleam,
Where lights and shadows break.

God's landscapes all around are seen,
The hedge-rows show their varied green,
And bright enamelled leaves ;
My heart feels glory's brilliant sheen,
Oh, God ! on such a day, I ween
Sorrow scarcely grieves.

White shines the distant valley's towers,
A turret's chimes proclaim the hours
Are moving on the day ;
The roadside cots are bright with flowers,
The air's refresh'd with fragrant showers,
The zephyrs waft away.

How sweet is yonder shady nook,
How bright the gently rippling brook,
Whose waters murmur on.
All nature's leaves are one great book,
Wherein her sons may safely look
And meditate upon.

The poplar hugs its loving leaves,
The willow o'er the streamlet grieves,
Or stands with frightened crown ;
The ivy round the stout oak weaves,
The varied elm the mead relieves,
The firs point up and down.

The berried yew-trees grace the church ;
The stately cedar, cypress, birch,
The larches graceful fall ;
The clustering apple trees that lurch,
The woods wherein the choirs perch ;
The peach against the wall.

Slow flies the downy butterfly,
A covey whirs with swift wings by,
For dogs and guns are near ;
A farm-yard's busy scenes are nigh,
A milching cow stands near the sty,
A song falls on the ear.

And now a passing friendly jest,
Shows the heart is well at rest,
And feels the beauties round ;
Oh, nature's influence is the best,
It fills the soul with holy zest,
Love greets it with a bound.

The ripen'd beans stand in the sun,
And mourn their spring day's blossom gone,
 In garb of sable hue ;
An ivied arch the light's upon,
Amid a ruin stands alone,
 Time's heartless hand to rue.

The tinkling bells of passing team,
The small white clouds of rising steam,
 Show trains upon their way ;
An angler plies within the stream,
The victims flash within the gleam,
 Against the sun's bright ray.

The meads with flocks are dotted o'er,
And homesteads snug with trees before,
 Peep out upon the road ;
A bridge unites the sever'd shore,
Uniting, as some friends restore,
 Hearts where wrath has flow'd.

And all around is shining bright,
Some trees against the wind are white,
The lanes run winding on ;
Sorrow from the heart takes flight,
All nature feels a soft delight,
And sings to God its song.

Oh, God ! thy works are all divine,
Suns, oceans, mountains, stars that shine,
The changing day and night ;
Such glories must the soul refine,
Thy soul be felt by man's and mine,
On such a day of light.

THE MOURNER.

THE heart of the mourner is weary and faint,
His home is bereav'd of the form he held dear ;
How deep is his sorrow, how sad is his plaint,
With heart-rending anguish he weeps o'er her bier.

Cold, cold are thy dear lips, once glowing and warm,
Dark, dark the bright flash of thy once sparkling eye ;
No more beats thy fond heart, whose love was its charm ;
Still, still lies thy bosom that rose with its sigh.

No more will thy sweet voice enliven my home,
Thy hand prove the warmth of thy true loving heart ;
Thy smile will be wanting whenever I come,
And absent thy dear face whene'er I depart.

Oh, never shall I know the once thrilling pleasure,
I felt when thy bright soul blest earth with its life ;
No time can restore me— thee, my lost treasure,
But heaven will give thee again, my dear wife.

WHEN LIPS ARE NEAR.

WHEN lips are near—sweet pouting lips,
With rosy fragrance sighing,
We'll steal their sweets as the bee that sips
The honey on flowers lying.

When eyes are near—bright flashing eyes
Shining on us divinely,
They win our love, as the star-lit skies
That, sparkling, shine benignly.

When words are near—low blissful words,
Breathing love vows endearing,
They win our souls, as the songs of birds
Win hearts within their hearing.

When hands are near—soft loving hands,
With heart's-warm pressure glowing,
They win our heart, as ocean's strands
Win tides to their bosoms flowing.

When arms are near—dear loving arms,
White in their beauty's light,
They win us, as the bright shrine charms
Pilgrims with their heaven in sight.

When lips, and eyes, and loving arms,
Beating heart, and all are near,
We'll win them as the warm sun
Flowers, when his beams appear

THE APPEAL OF POVERTY.

OH God ! what is it I have done
To suffer hunger, thirst and pain,
To have no friend on earth—not one
To save me from their throes again ?

My fond and loving mother died
When most a mother's love is seen,
Would thou hadst laid me by her side,
Beneath the churchyard's bed of green.

I should have died so happy then—
No pangs my youthful heart had known ;
Why should I live to want again,
And suffer all these pains alone ?

The water rolling dark and slow,
Silent and coldly flowing on,
Seems not so cold as streams that flow
In many worldly hearts of stone.

One sudden plunge—its silent wave
Would open its bosom to me,
And I should rest in its quiet grave,
Dead to earth's pain and misery.

My mother's words, "On God rely,"
Are stealing softly o'er my soul.
By seeking death, I Thee defy ;
Oh God, such gloomy thoughts control !

CHILDREN, HAPPY CHILDREN.

CHILDREN, happy children,
By the clear brook playing,
Mid sun and flowers,
Glide happy hours,
Life's purest flow pourtraying.

Children, happy children,
With water bubbles playing,
With hearts as light,
With hopes as bright,
Life's lightest hours pourtraying.

Children, happy children,
With wild flowers playing,
With souls as fair,
Without a care,
Life's blooming time pourtraying.

Children, happy children,
The summer breezes playing,
Your cheeks illumine
With rosy bloom
Life's happiest smiles pourtraying.

Children, happy children,
Birds o'er its surface playing,
With wings as light,
Your cares take flight,
Life's innocence pourtraying.

HOME HATH A SWEET CHARM.

HOME hath a sweet charm that no other hearth knoweth
Though the kind look of friendship its welcome may
give;

Love twines round its porch : there the mind's flower
groweth,
And our soul's best affections most purely can live.

There bright smiles and true hearts are beaming and
beating;

There a welcome awaits us—the welcome of love ;
The dear wife and children are warm in their greeting,
With souls true as the bright light of heaven above.

OH! OF ALL THE BRIGHT FLOWERS AROUND ME THAT BLOOM.

Oh ! of all the bright flowers around me that bloom,
And love's garden boasts many rich, fragrant, and fair,
There is one, only one, my fond soul can illume,
A sweet blushing Rose wins my heart from its care.

They may all have their fragrance, their beauty and smiles,
Some may eye me more meekly or temptingly sweet ;
They may shine on my soul with their innocent wiles,
But my Rose is the flower my heart's pulses greet.

Yes, there, my dear Rose, shalt thou bloom on for ever,
With thee will I pass all this life's sunny hours ;
From its chills and its storms I will shield thee for ever.
For thou to my soul art the Queen of the Flowers.

TO A CHILD.

COME, little Trot, and let me see,
Thy dark blue eyes of sparkling glee,
And crimson pouting lips that vie
The fragrant rose close blushing by ;
Come brightly beaming happy smile,
To cheer my heart a little while,
With thoughts as pure and happy now
As those I had when young as thou.

Now, come papa, with great command,
Thou bid'st me hold thy little hand,
And run with thee some point to gain,
No sooner there—'tis all in vain—

Thy changeful fancy will not stay,
But we must off another way—
Now after Ponto we must run ;
Who could resist thy pretty tongue.

Now we are off—thy laughing words,
I love beyond the song of birds ;
Bright smiles bedeck thy glowing face,
Thy tiny feet keep up the race,
Thy flaxen tresses wildly flowing,
O'er ruddy cheeks with health's-bloom glowing;
Happy with thee, my darling child,
Life's sun has always beaming smil'd.

OH MAIDEN CAST AWAY THAT FLOWER.

Oh ! maiden cast away that flower,
Whose beauty blooms upon thy snowy breast,
It hath a thorn of hidden power,
For he who gave it would destroy thy rest.

Tho' vows with it were freely given,
That his false heart could only link with thine,
Tho' sealed by an appeal to heaven,
He'd leave thee o'er its withered leaves to pine.

Thy heart is like that simple flower,
His worthless love its fragrance soon would kill,
And crushing leave it in its blighted hour,
To wither and to die—tho' loving still.

ALONE, ALONE.

ALONE, alone, in any land,
No friendly word or friendly hand
To grasp our own or calm our fears,
How cold, how gloomy all appears.

Alone, alone, no bee will hive ;
'Tis vain to toil, 'tis vain to strive.
Alone, alone, no king would reign—
Without a friend all hopes are vain.

Alone, alone, all earthly joys,
Life's honors are but phantom toys;
Ambition's star, tho' bright before,
Meteor like, is seen no more.

Alone, alone, e'en God above
Created angels for his love ;
Adam, 'mid Eden's bliss did grieve,
Till God, in pity, gave him Eve.

Alone, alone, no work's divine,
Great thoughts might flash but never shine ;
The brightest mind would sink in gloom,
The fairest flowers vainly bloom.

The sun shines brightly every day,
The earth blooms gaily 'neath its ray :
The sun alone in vain would shine,
The earth without its light would pine.

Alone, alone, what can we prize,
Without a friend no man can rise ;
'Tis vain to sigh for fame or power—
A friend is worth a princely dower.

A WEDDING ODE.

To E. A. H.

AID me all on earth that pleaseth,
Sing a holy joyful strain ;
All that mortal bliss increaseth,
Join to bless our wedding train.

Carol blythly, birds of air,
Merrily in chorus sing ;
Blossom sweetly, flowers fair,
O'er the air your fragrance fling.

Gently breathing, breeze ethereal,
Waft to earth your greatest bliss ;
Shine in glory, sun imperial,
Greet earth with your warmest kiss.

Come, oh, come, our hearts entreat thee,
Sunny hours, gild the day ;
Flowers smile, our hearts will greet thee,
Grace our Esther's bridal way.

Birds of air in chorus singing,
Cheerfully from every spray ;
All your notes with gladness ringing,
Make her with your warbling gay.

Breezes with sweet perfume laden,
Throw around a balmy air ;
Softly fan our blushing maiden,
Make her beauty still more fair.

Come, oh sun, with glory shining,
Light her with your brilliant rays ;
By your presence all refining,
Beam on and bless her all her days.

THE WISH.

MAY your lives be sweet as roses,
As the snow-drop, lily pure ;
And each coming year that closes,
Graft your loves more firm and sure.

As the woodbine giveth beauty
To the porch it rests upon,
So your love and smiling duty,
Gaily cheer your husband on.

As the oak in stalwart might,
Aids his ivy clinging bride ;
So you, dear friend, e'er find delight,
In having Esther by your side.

Thus united, as time flyeth,
Bliss supreme each heart shall know ;
Love sublime that never dieth,
Link you in this vale below.

And when silver age on creepeth,
May your branches, spreading wide,
Make you happy—when life sleepeth,
Heaven find you side by side.

STEADY BE YOUR PROGRESS, BOYS.

STEADY be your progress, boys,
On, on, for ever ;
Labor brings the purest joys,
Then the heart's blood never cloys,
Health's flowing ever.

Press thee on—the human state
Improveth with thine own ;
Each man weaves his web of fate—
Each man helps to raise the state,
And build the highest throne.

Onward, boys—lead onward, men,
The world's thy field ;
Keep thy purpose firmly then,
Cheer thy faint hearts once again.
Till all shall yield.

The world improveth ev'ry year,
Time onward flyeth ;
Better days are drawing near,
The star of love will soon appear,
That never dieth.

GO, LOVING BIRD, FLY GENTLE DOVE !

Go loving bird, fly gentle dove !
To him who won my maiden love,
 Whose heart alone I prize ;
Tell him my soul shall faithful be,
As true as thy sweet mate's to thee,
 As loving in its sighs.

Tell him without his love I pine,
No other thought can e'er be mine,
 Than that which moves his soul ;
My love shall ever cheer his heart,
Like thee I pine whene'er we part,
 And ne'er my grief control.

Though my heart for his is beating,
And mine eyes would his be meeting,
They fear his ardent gaze ;
Tell him no pleasure's sun can shine,
No hope can beam till he is mine,
Then love shall light our days.

LINES UPON A NUNNERY.

OH, God ! that yonder gloomy wall,
A shroud should be for maidens ere they die,
Wherein the heart's tears vainly fall ;
Life's passions feel its chill, and always sigh.

Many a fair and blooming flower,
Has there been raised to live and die in vain,
Misled in youth's confiding hour
To blight the fruits of life for priestly gain.

Thou didst not give us blooming life,
To wither in such cold and barren air ;
Thou madest Eve for Adam's wife,
His sons to wed on earth her daughters fair.

Be fruitful was thine earliest word,
Go forth and multiply and fill the earth—
Surely, no new command's been heard,
That man shall cease to be—oh, fearful dearth !

Thou never saidst that priestly sin
Should blast thy blessing for a maiden's gold ;
Such lives Thy love can never win ;
Flowers yield seed, or earth no life would hold.

SUNDAY IN ENGLAND.

A SONNET.

Oh, blessed day ! when labor sleeping lies,
His sons are free from worldly toils and care,
When millions in thy light breathe purer air,
See nature's pleasing ways with gladden'd eyes,
And feel her voice arrest their sympathies,
Then thank their God that they such blessings share ;
The very air seems purer and more rare,
The trees and streams seem softer in their sighs,
Ten thousand bells pour forth their solemn call,
When Christians give their souls to praise and prayer,
And hear from lips devout man's sin and fall,
And ask God's blessing in this world of care,
Order's good spirit, smiling, blesses all,
And each man follows that he deems most fair.

LIFE'S HAPPY DAYS ARE SHORT AND FEW.

LIFE's happy days are short and few,
Its joys are always flying ;
Its beauty fades on closer view,
Its charms are ever dying ;
Its friendships rarely worth can give,
Its earth cold hearts too selfish live.

Its virtues fade beneath the sun,
Its passions ever stirring ;
Its noblest works are vainly done,
Its genius ever erring ;
Its mightiest deeds, its highest glory,
Pass from the page of time and story.

Its titles are a passing name,
Its talents with age fading,
Its days are passed in gaining fame,
By ways too oft degrading ;
And when gained, the gloomy grave
Soon covers all the worth they gave.

If such its end, its fame, and glory,
All joys, all friendships fleeting,
Let war become a thing of story,
Nations send a loving greeting ;
All men be taught a nobler part,
Till good pervades the human heart.

THE WINTER'S WIND MAY BLOW COLD AND CHILL.

THE winter's wind may blow cold and chill,

Snow in flakes may fall without ;

It may shriek and whistle its burly will,

Tempestuous be its shout.

If our hearths but smile with a crackling fire,

What care we then for its surly ire ?

There's mirth in our hearts on a wintry night,

On our cheeks a ruddy glow,

That bloometh not there in the summer's light,

When zephyrs softly blow ;

'Tis the keen north wind which giveth the bloom,

That a cheerful fire's bright flames illume.

And when the good wife and children smile
Around a happy hearth ;
We'll pray for those who for many a mile,
Pace a cold and icy path ;
Till we warm our hearts with more than desire.
To give them the blessings of food and fire.

LINES UPON THE SUB-MARINE TELEGRAPH.

HAIL, hail, to thee ! thou spirit-speaking light,
As angels whisper to the mind,
Thou givest nations converse in thy flight,
And distant friends thy solace find ;
Hail new-born power of prophetic good,
To join all people in one brotherhood.

Thy flight around earth's zone destroyeth space,
Thy speed electric defyeth time ;
God gave thee to unite the human race,
To fly with love from clime to clime,
A chain of light, uniting pole to pole,
With sympathetic flash as soul meets soul.

Hail to thee, light sublime ! go beaming peace ;
Go fill the world with brilliant thought,
Borne on such wings good works will sure increase,
Till virtue's ways by man are sought,
Then war subdued will hide his fearful face,
And peace and unity will bless our race.

Go tell the nations this, and tell them more,
Thy power exists to bless them all ;
In temperate zone, or on the torrid shore,
That love alone redeems man's fall ;
Fly on thy silent wings, God speed thy flight,
To guide men's minds, and bid them think aright.

THE JOYS OF CHILDHOOD.

Oh, do not check yon sweet child in its play,
Its little games can ne'er affect thy state ;
Its little soul will make thine own more gay,
A little kindness make its heart elate.

We know how manhood feels the checks of life ;
We know that childhood is the happiest time ;
Raise not its soul to rage in angry strife,
Twill feel its force too soon in manhood's prime.

But make it happy with thee ; share its joys,
And keep the sunshine smiling round its heart ;
A little harshness childhood's bliss alloys,
A little kindness shows its soul's bright part.

Then come, my little one, thy cares supplied,
In merry laughter and in childish fun ;
My soul shall join thee in its sunny tide,
And thus united in one stream shall run.

LINES TO A DAGUERREOTYPE PORTRAIT.

SWEET treasured image of a soul in heaven,
A gift to me when her young heart was given ;
A shadow of her beauty, yet, how dear,
My heart without thee, oh how lonely here.
A day of mercy pictur'd thee in light,
A day more cruel bore her from my sight.

Oh, perfect shade ! with vision's eye I see,
All her sweet charms, without thee, lost to me.
In thee I see her beauty once so bright,
Recall her love, now flown to realms of light,
Gaze on her eye that sparkling flashed divine—
Oh, God ! the bliss I knew when she was mine.

LUXURY.

To throw myself upon the grass,
To hear the busy, buzzing fly,
And watch the moving objects pass,
With listless half-closed dreamy eye—
Or nature's lights and shades to see,
And music hear—is luxury.

Beneath the shade, to see the sun,
And hear the passing hum of bee ;
The busy world's loud ways to shun,
To hear the rolling waves of sea ;
Or gentle zephyrs softly sigh
'Mid fragrant flowers—is luxury.

To watch barques gliding o'er the deep,
Their white sails full before the wind,
Pass, like shadows seen in sleep,
On, nor leave more trace behind ;
Till sunset's glories tume the sky,
And gild the waves—is luxury.

To see white clouds o'er heaven flying,
To hear the joyful trill of birds,
With the maid who loves us sighing
Responsive to our loving words ;
To feel the soul then blissful die
To worldly cares—is luxury.

PROCRASTINATION.

Tho' day follows day like the waves of the ocean,
And time flows away like the spray of their motion,
Yet man calls on time present to shorten his sway,
Thro' the veil of the night sees a more smiling day,
There where all seemed so sunny, some cloud leaves a
blight,

Thus another day's lost in the darkness of night ;
Still his heart hopeth on that the bright morrow's sun,
Will shine on him more brightly than past suns have
shone ;

Until time's quiet progress his last day brings round.
And the present is lost, but the future ne'er found.

WELLINGTON.

Mark yonder aged man,
Life's honors crown his years,
His mind is great, tho' worn his frame—
The same bright soul that won his fame,
When freely life's tide ran,
Nobility still wears.

A hundred fields he won,
A hundred armies fell ;
Naught could withstand his mighty mind—
His bold-calm heart, success design'd ;
That all was bravely done,
Victory lives to tell.

Kings have known his power,
He saved his nation's life ;
When Gaul's dread vampire sought her blood,
His mind, undaunted, all withstood,
Made that proud soul cower—
O'ercame the fiend of strife.

Senators hear his voice,
With noblest reason calm,
Decided now as on the field ;
Peers to him like foes do yield—
Bow to his mighty choice,
And own its potent charm.

All nations honor him,
Time's eye is on his name.
Men yet unborn his praise will sing,
From fame's proud trump their songs will ring,
Down the human tide will swim,
His brilliant shining fame.

WHEN DISCORD'S HOUNDS ARE LOOSED UPON THE WORLD.

WHEN discord's hounds are loosed upon the world,
With fury snapping at the robes of Peace,
She weeps to see her bright hopes wildly hurl'd
In madness down, to see her cheerful powers cease.

Then o'er earth's ruin sings with plaintive voice,
Oh, man ! without me all thy hopes are vain,
Live to lament thy sad destructive choice,
To mourn and toil an age ere I can smile again.

For all thy struggles will be bloodstain'd, endless ;
Commerce alarm'd will flee each bleeding shore,
Thy children's children will my shade caress,
And strive to heal the heart the fangs of discord tore.

IS THEN THIS EARTH SO BLEAK AND COLD?

Is then this earth so bleak and cold,
Must man for ever sigh,
That beauty's blossoms but unfold
To feel its chill and die ?
Oh, angel ! why does God ordain,
That earthly beauty shall be vain,
And pass like yon bright cloud ;
That my sweet child from beauty's mould,
Whose bright smile cheer'd me to behold,
Lies in the cold—cold shroud ?
And leaves my heart her loss to weep ;
My soul can never quiet sleep,

Now she is lost to earth ;
I know not why my child should die ;
Let me within the cold grave lie,
Give her another birth ;
Bid her grace earth as once she smil'd,
A flower of beauty in its desert wild.

Go calm the pang that rends thy heart,
Tho' beauty fades from earth ;
The veil of life alone doth part,
'Tis heaven hath claimed its worth.
Fond mother, God receives thy child,
He gave the bloom when beauty smil'd :
Mark yon rainbow's brilliant hue,
Spanning the heavens with its bow,
Its spirit's beauty there will flow,
When lost to human view.
The rising sun whose glories shine,
Who sets in grandeur still divine,

Those rays will beam above :
Tho' beauties fade from earthly sight,
Heaven receives them in its light,
To glorify its love ;
Then calm thy grief, thy child hath flown,
Her beauty graces now high heaven's throne !

AS MY CHLOE.

As my Chloe, blushing roses,
On her lily arm reposes,
Enchanting smiles play round her lips,
Cupid, rogue, an arrow slips,
Wounds me, deeply wounds my heart,
Bids me play a lover's part.

Stealing near I hear her sighing,
Feel my soul to her's replying,
Steal a kiss—the pure blood rushes
Mantling high in glowing blushes,
Then aims he a second dart,
Deeper wounding still my heart.

With fervent vow, on bended knee,
My heart, my Chloe, flies to thee,
'Tis thine on earth, 'tis thine in heaven,
Firmly now for ever given.
Oh, dearest Chloe, call me thine,
Bless me with thy love divine.

GOOD DEEDS ALONE DESERVE A NAME.

TALK not to men of rights divine
Of kings who wear a people's crown ;
Mystic beams through the future shine,
Show thrones despotic crumbling down ;
While the spirit of progress ever sings,
With voice prophetic to reigning kings.

Tell—tho' honors won by the dead,
May give their heirs ancestral fame,
A nobler man may toil for bread—
Good deeds alone deserve a name.
If minds be not great, an ancestor's fame
Gives little honor beyond a name.

The spirit tells us all good men
Are noble in the first degree ;
That great men show their great souls when
They make their fellow men more free,
While the spirit of progress ever sings,
If men would reign they must be good kings.

MORNING.

COME, brother, with me, see the morning is breaking,
Night's dark clouds are flying, the sun is awaking ;
See, see, the bright east with his full glory shining,
His first smile with deep gold all nature refining ;
See, as higher he rises, how heaven's brow brightens,
The robe of the clouds with his crimson ray lightens.
The flowers his warmth for their bosoms are claiming,
Each chanticleer's voice the new day is proclaiming ;
Hear, hear, how the lark high in heaven is singing,
All around the wood minstrels sweet music is ringing,

The beauty of morning all nature is feeling,
The bee from the flower its sweetness is stealing ;
The horses and oxen are o'er the meads straying,
The lambs are around their dams happily playing ;
All, all, are rejoicing that dull night is dying—
Ev'ry bird of the air, ev'ry insect is flying.
The fish in the stream in its bosom are swimming,
The water birds gaily its surface are skimming ;
All that loveth the light in its beams are rejoicing,
Which dark deeds and the night alone have no voice in.
So, brother, awake ! see the morning is breaking,
Night's dark clouds are flying, the sun is awaking ;
Deep gold is his first smile, all nature refining,
See, see, the bright east with his full glory shining ;
See, higher he rises, with golden shades tinging,
The robes of the clouds with his crimson light fringing,
And we should away all its freshness to seize,
The sweet health of the morning, and life of the breeze.

EVENING.

See, brother, the sun in the bright west is glowing,
Half heaven he fills with his glory in going ;
See, the clouds to the last to his brightness will hold,
See, their purple forms brilliant with crimson and gold.
How the light in the twilight holds on to the last,
Now the toils of the day with the sun's light have past ;
The birds to their nests in the trees are retreating ;
The cattle to slumber their fellows are bleating.
All is hush'd into silence and quiet profound,
Let us steal thro' the stillness that reigneth around ;
The trees with the soft breeze melodiously sigh,
The bright meteors darting illumine the sky ;

In heavens deep blue shine the gems of the night,
Through the pure realms of ether the moon throws her
light,

See how clear in her blue light all shineth around,
How dark are the shadows display'd on the ground ;
Hark, hark, tis the house-dog his faithful round keeping,
How secure in his watch all the inmates are sleeping ;
List, list to that note, 'tis the soft nightingale,
Her sweet melody cheereth the hill and the dale ;
Now the cuckoo salutes with its two notes the night ;
The shrill shriek of the owl hails the loss of the light,
The bats with their swift wings are silently flying,
The fox and the weasel the hen roosts are trying ;
See the cattle are sleeping close under the bank,
The sweet flowers to sleep on their bosoms have sank,
The fish in the stream their last rings are displaying,
Come to rest, come to rest, all nature is saying,
Then come, brother, come, thro' the quiet lane stealing,
Our spirits will blend with its quiet and feeling,
All hushed into silence, rejoice in its charm,
Till the world-spirit sleeps in its beautiful calm.

**LET THOSE, LOVE, WHO HEAVEN
DENY OR E'EN DOUBT IT.**

Let those, love, who heaven deny or e'en doubt it,
Enjoy their opinion and life if they can ;
For myself, love, I could not be happy without it—
Eternity's hope is the soul of the man.

If they think that this life's all that man will possess—
He falls like the sere leaf, and dies like the dog,
Let them so live and die in the faith they profess,
And rot in the soil like a worm-eaten log.

Some may think it more noble and still more divine,
To deny all they see, they hear, and they know ;
They may die in their darkness, their souls never shine,
In the realms where the brightness of heaven will glow.

So, love, let all keep their opinion on earth,
Whether this, love, or that, why let them possess it ;
Each will be rewarded by God for his worth,
Perchance have their heaven as here they profess it.

THE MAGIC OF HOME TO MY SOUL
IS APPEALING.

THE magic of home to my soul is appealing,
I feel its dear charms wherever I roam,
Some shadow beloved thro' the quiet is stealing
To whisper the soft words of love and of home.

No distance, no time can e'er banish the feeling,
No beauty or powers o'ercome the sweet strain,
That the sorrow of parting for ever is healing,
My soul in its musing sings over again.

I move in its circle and bow to its power,
And feel o'er my spirit its beautiful calm ;
'Tis the sun that illumines each cloud e're it lower—
And keeps like an angel my soul by its charm.

ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS.

All men are brothers !

The great—the small—

God's image lives alike in all ;

We all may rise—we all may fall ;

The high or low like others.

Kings in their power,

Poor men in woe,

In birth receive alike life's flow ;

An honest pride need no pomp show ;

Nobility's man's dower.

Man, whate'er thy station,
Toil with thy might,
Mind ever keep thy soul aright
However small may be thy mite;
'Tis good men make the nation.

OH! NEVER WOUND THE HEART
THAT LOVES.

Oh ! never wound the heart that loves
Thee dearer than its life,
Whose love the course of time still proves,
Is true 'midst worldly strife ;
For many hearts, which seem as true,
Would not lay down their life for you.

The world may wear as kind a face,
May seem as pure to thee,
But if its passions you will trace,
Its selfish love you'll see ;
For many hearts, which seem as true,
Would not lay down their life for you.

Then never wound the heart that loves
Thee dearer than its life,
Whose love the course of time still proves,
Is true 'midst worldly strife;
For many hearts, which seem as true,
Would not lay down their life for you.

COME GATHER ROUND THE FIRE, FRIENDS.

Come gather round the fire, friends,
Whose bright and cheerful light,
With our welcome warmly blends,
And smiles on us to-night,
Where honest hearts and flowing bowls,
Give the welcome to our souls.

Bright the flame as bright our wit,
Warm and kindly glowing,
Round its hearth we'll happy sit,
Heedless how time's going,
While honest hearts and steaming bowls,
Give the welcome to our souls.

Draw around its cheerful light,
Come, friends, come gather all,
Care's grim face we'll drown to night,
Mirth, friends, can weather all.
Our port shall be in streaming bowls,
Mirth alone shall steer our souls.

COME, COME TO THE HAY MAKING.

COME ! Come ! to the hay making,
Lads and lassies arise and come,
The sun smiles brightly on your home ;
Each chanticleer's crow awaking ;
The lark is singing her sweetest strains,
The teams are waiting, maidens and swains,
Up ! up ! for the hay making.

Off ! off ! to the hay making,
Mirth like the maids' bright ribbons flows,
Whose cheeks bloom like the sweet wild rose ;

Youths to their loves are taking ;
All hearts are light as the sunny morn,
Life's flowers are blooming without a thorn ;
On ! on ! to the hay making.

Now, now, for the hay making,
Lads and lassies spread it wide,
Bury the maids who 'neath it hide ;
All are merrily raking ;
Happily bounding without a care,
Youths slyly kissing the maidens fair ;
Oh ! oh ! for the hay making.

Home ! Home ! from the hay making,
On flowing wains of fragrant hay,
Sit maids whose blush proclaims the way,
Their hearts, youths' vows are taking ;
Who vow that the sun in the golden west,
Glows not more warm than the love in their
breast ;
Home ! home ! from the hay making.

**BROTHER, WHATE'ER THY CREED
MAY BE.**

BROTHER, whate'er thy creed may be,
We will not now unfold it,
It rests between thy God and thee,
Let bigots fiercely hold it;
It is a flame should warm the soul,
Not heat the heart beyond control.

Suits it not each priest's ambition
To set rival creeds at war?
But reason bids us hatred shun,
Tells us love is better far;
Small forms of faith no sect will save—
Good works alone, redeem the grave.

Ponder o'er the blood-stain'd past—
Cruelties of rack and stake ;
We'll scatter priestcraft to the blast,
Thus thy hand I warmly take ;
Strips of creed we'll burn, my brother,
Ne'er again oppress each other.

LET NOT ANGER'S POISON'D DART.

Let not anger's poison'd dart

Live too long within your mind,

Lest its barb inflame your heart,

Make your soul still more unkind ;

For anger's word at random spoken,

Many a loving heart has broken.

Let love's beam with brilliant play

Lighten ev'ry dull spot there,

Till each dark thought glides away,

Leaves the soul serenely fair ;

Then anger's word will ne'er be spoken,

And loving hearts no more be broken.

HEED NOT LIFE'S DULL CARES.

Heed not life's dull cares,
But banish them for ever ;
The smile of pleasure scares,
And melts their gloom for ever.
So let our souls be light,
Let our hearts be merry ;
'Tis joy destroys life's blight—
Blossoms make the cherry ;
Then cheery let us be,
Happy living ever ;
Make our course more free,
Floating down life's river.

Life seems scarce begun,
Before its course is ended ;
So let us feel its sun,
Hearts be ever blended.
Heed not the dregs of life,
Its sorrows and its grief ;
Its jarrings and its strife,
In them have no belief.
Then cheery shall we be,
Happy living ever,
Our course will then be free,
Floating down life's river.

LINES UPON THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

God smiled upon the opening, He smiled upon the close,
And like a home of fairy land a fairy fabric rose ;
He blessed the nation where it stood, He blessed the
sovereign hand,

Whose wave proclaimed it open'd to the sons of every
land.

On the soil of dear old England, the land of trust and
worth,

Its crystal form was raised, and stood the wonder of the
earth.

Sublime, sublime, its mighty arch was bright with
many a ray,

Heaven's blue was shining through, to make the scene
more gay.

A summer fair ! surpassing fair ! to aid its splendour
strove,

While peace in all her beauty stood to grace the work
of love ;

No records good the past can give, that meetings so
sublime,

Have ever graced a land before in all the days of time.

The nation's treasures shone around, arts smiled where
splendour beam'd ;

From every land, with open hand, the form of science
gleam'd.

The spirit of good expectant stood, with heavenly wings
to fly,

With scroll unfurl'd, to teach the world, the power of unity,
Till all should feel this Godlike truth to play around
their heart,

That nations all, are brothers all, though seas and oceans
part.

War's sick'ning scenes of bloodshed, his pillage, and his
woe,

His worshippers and trophies send to grace the realms
below;

His armies raise fierce discord up, the hates of race
increase,

Destroy the good of many years, and wound the heart
of Peace;

While here beneath its crystal roof she smiled on all
supreme,

And many thousand hearts were warm'd beneath her
radiant beam.

The Sovereign good, and noble Prince, the People of the
land,

Here every grade, here every shade, formed one united
band;

The prejudice of ages past, its spirit good removed,
Its holy power lived throughout, its end its mission proved;
Its pregnant past with future good will bless the sons of
earth,

And bless the royal mind which gave the mighty fabric
birth.

How peaceful all, how happy all, since first its course
began,
What mighty shouts, what loud huzzas, throughout its
vast space ran ;
What lingering steps clung to the spot, unwilling still
to part,
From fairy scenes that captive led and held the willing
heart ;
Such voices ne'er before were raised, such concord never
seen,
Its space profound, was filled around, with God preserve
the Queen.

FARE THEE WELL, BUT NOT FOR EVER.

FARE thee well, but not for ever,
Loving souls do weep farewell,
Absence, distance, cannot sever
Hearts united by love's spell.

Tho' divided for a season,
Tho' thy presence cheers me not,
Still thy virtue, beauty, reason,
Will not let thee be forgot.

Tho' at parting I to cheer thee,
Forced a smile to check thy woe,
Banish'd now thou art not near me,
Tears more willingly would flow.

Tho' the world with pleasure teemeth,
Earth with heaven's radiance glows,
Absent from thee, naught that beameth,
Thou alone canst light my woes.

Tho' my wayward will hath pained thee,
Shadows thrown across thy path,
Still thy sweet mind has regain'd me,
Melting love oppos'd to wrath.

Thou, dear girl, alone dost know me,
Thy angelic mind alone,
Knowing does direct and show me,
Erring how I should atone.

Tho' thy sweet smile does not bless me,
Tho' thy form I cannot see,
Still in fancy I caress thee,
Vision'd now in memory.

What tho' worlds were in my power,
Riches, honor, fame and might,
Life with thee more bliss would shower,
Bliss that envy could not blight.

What tho' children gather round us,
Emblems sweet of former bliss,
Loving then as when love bound us,
Years can never alter this.

Tho' the world its coldness sheweth,
Chilleth with its cold disdain,
That nor all the proud man knoweth,
Thou alone hast power to pain.

Thine's the heart that beateth fondly,
Every loving pulse is mine,
Cheer thee, Kate, let naught despond thee,
Loving throes respond to thine.

All thy virtues are remember'd,
All thy goodness none can know.
All thy love by love engender'd,
For thy husband, Kate, doth flow.

Thine the breast that feels for others
Sinking in the pool of woe,
If all were like thee, husbands, brothers,
Truer happiness would know.

Words can never do thee honor,
Love can scarcely picture true,—
Heaven thy blessings shower on her,
For her soul descends from you.

GUARDIAN ANGEL BE OUR GUIDE.

GUARDIAN angel be our guide,
Lead our souls to deeds of worth ;
Give us all a manly pride,
Make us live to bless the earth.

And when ambition's voice inspires,
Would win us to its potent sway,
To brilliant thoughts give high desires,
Let our noblest feelings play.

When revenge—wild passion stirreth,
Whisper thy soft words of love,
Check the dark thought, ere it erreth,
From our souls all hate remove.

When the heart with wild love burneth,
Show the soul its coming guilt ;
Imaged sorrow often turneth,
Saveth blood from being spilt.

When temptation's forms assail us,
Syren beauties float around ;
Unmask their charms ere we bewail us,
Bleeding conscience feels her wound.

When envy's gall would make us wreak,
Vengeance on a rival's fame ;
Whisper, for his good deeds seek ;
Give the praise his works can claim.

When satire's words would pierce the heart,
Power places near our own ;
With gentler counsels turn the dart,
Heedless else we should have thrown.

When hypocrisy would mask us,
To profess against belief ;
Let thy soft voice gently task us ;
Candour come to our relief.

If a suffering soul appeal,
Ask us meekly for our aid ;
Oh ! prompt the words, the acts which heal,
Till a brother's want is sav'd.

When grasping bigotry would hold us,
To deny a brother's right ;
Whisper earth is made to fold us,
Each one in his soul's own light.

Whatever guilt our souls may dream,
Banish it with better thought ;
Ever light us with thy beam,
Let us see thee as we ought.

Ev'ry good thought prosper in us,
Ev'ry noble great idea ;
Virtue's honor's, power win us,
From earth or heaven naught to fear.

Guardian angel never leave us,
Ever keep our souls aright,
Let the world's clouds ne'er deceive us,
Cheer us with thy brilliant light.

**GO, SOUL, AND FLOAT O'ER THE
IDEAL SEA.**

Go, soul, and float o'er the ideal sea,
Whose silent waves unruffled flow ;
Thro' crystal water's depths to see
The fairy sprites who live below,
In homes of coral, on beds of pearl,
Hear music that plays when waves uncurl,
See crystal caves—and flowers of sea,
Hear the rolling waters speak to thee :—

Soul, go float o'er the surface bright,
Gliding on with the happy sea sprite,
Dive thro' its depths, roll on with its wave,
Thou art of these of the crystal cave ;
And stars that play o'er its surface blue,
Are bright souls above who shine on you ;
The waters that roll from shore to shore,
In quiet calm or tempestuous roar,
Are all a part of thy spirit's life,
Thine in their peace, and thine in their strife.

Go, soul, in thine ideal fancy light,
Float through heaven's ethereal space,
To the glowing sun in grandeur bright,
The soul of God in its light to trace.
Roll with the clouds, fly on with the wind,
They are of thee—of the angel mind ;
Glide with the comet swift to the sun,
Then shine with him in his daily run ;
See sparkling worlds, of brilliant life ;
The lightning flash of the thunder strife :—

Soul, go float thro' the ether blue,
On with the angels who are of you ;
Hear seraphs sing the Creator's praise,
In voice attuned to angelic lays ;
See the halo around high heaven's throne
Shine with a light that may be thine own,
For heaven, with its mighty worlds of light,
Is the source that makes thy spirit bright.

Go, soul, in thine ideal seek the mine,
Its brilliant gems and shining gold ;
Its gloom and light is of thee and thine,
Whose power doth its wealth unfold ;
See the gnome who lives beneath the earth ;
The vapours giving the earthquake birth,
Swelling and bursting with growing rage ;
Feel earth with its elements war engage ;
Its mighty fires whose threatening glow,
Rumbling startles the world below.
Go, soul, descend to its depths of gloom,
Feel that its darkness is earthly doom ;

Roll with the earthquake, crack with the soil,
Feel that its agents thine own embroil ;—
That the source from which earth's flowers grow,
Is the essence whence thy beauties flow ;
That its gloomy depths and fire-damps bright
Are of thee and thine—and nature's right.

Go, soul, and float o'er the blooming earth,
Flowers in beauteous life to see ;
Fly o'er the surface which gave thee birth,
Mountains and seas are part of thee.
Through the gorgeous homes where splendour
shines ;
The hovel where hunger's son repines ;
Hear the song of birds, the hum of bee,
The voice of nature whisper to thee :—
Go in the spirit and blend with those
Of the gilded dome, of the house of woes ;
See man in his grief, see him in bliss,
On the hill of fame, in sorrow's abyss ;

For all who live on its surface bright,
Have souls that may live in the realms of light—
Have the image of God in weal or woe ;
All flesh is alike that lives below ;
All, all, have a spirit bright as thine,
God giveth the spark in each divine.

THE MURDERER.

Who is he—who with stealthy pace,
With frenzied brow and scowling face,
With crouching form and hanging breath,
Creepeth to hurry the sleep of death ?

Who is she, by his hand to die ?—
His own sweet wife by holy tie !
An angel in her form and mind,
A gem of life and womankind.

He woo'd her for her wealth and land—
He won her heart—he gain'd her hand ;
From feigned love neglect doth flow,
And love for her he ne'er did know.

He loves one—with a form as fair,
But rottenness of heart is there—
Depravity of soul and mind,
With love of guilt most demonkind.

At night—mid festive scenes and wine,
When soft lips meet and arms entwine,
If woman sue, God's aid we need,
She wins our hearts to any deed !

'Tis night !—oh, God, that beauty's smile
Should hide a heart of sin and guile ;
Or madd'ning fumes our senses wave,
Till crime is reckon'd bold and brave.

And never soul did seem more fair
Than her's, that laid its dark thoughts bare—
Did serpent tongue use sweeter wile
Than her's to hide her purpose vile ?

Bold in her sin, and serpent like,
She urged him oft the blow to strike ;
But crime a horrid aspect wears,
Till frequent tempting drowneth fears !

“ No, not to night—oh, not to night,
She loves me”—“ Yes ! she loves by right,
Were she no more, then mine the bliss
To seal our love with bridal kiss.”

“ I dare not !”—“ What ! art coward, then—
A dastard living among men ?”
“ Hold, taunt me not—I will ! I will !
Stay, ere I go, this goblet fill.”

“ Drink ! Drink it off, my true brave man !
Come, once again—nay, love, you can”—
He does—and now to reason lost
In fiery waves his brain is toss’d !

“ He goes”—the fiend exulting cries,
“ Revenge is mine—this night she dies !
Fool, fool, she was to be his wife—
She knew I loved him more than life !”

He crossed his threshold like a thief,
Guardian angels bring relief,
Oh ! save him, ere the flight of time
Has stamp’t him with his blackest crime.

Conscience wearied quits her throne,
As evil counsels urge him on,—
He starts to hear the dull stairs creak,
And fancies now that voices speak—

Come back ! come back ! go on ! go on !
The air around seems full of tongue—
What whispers through the still air creep !
He draws his breath more short and deep.

He casts a hurried timid glance
Where gloomy shadows grimly dance,
Flickering darkly on the wall,—
He trembles at his own footfall,

A sudden gust destroys the light,
He curses now in sudden fright,
His bristling hair's erect with fear,
Dark shadows make the gloom more drear.

Deep sullen quiet reigns around—
Dull echo mocks each hollow sound,
As blood-stain'd shades around him float,
And fevered fancies parch his throat,

The thunder rolls, the night is drear,
His guilty soul's opprest with fear—
His glaring eyeballs swell and start,
His frame feels horror's keenest smart.

He hears the hoarse wind roar without—
The big drops fall—the tempest shout—
He sees the lightning flash on high—
And shudders as the deed draws nigh.

He pauses now—now moves apace—
The sweat drops course his fever'd face—
His swollen heart beats loud and quick,
His breath is more convulsed and thick.

She sleeps, in holy blessed sleep—
Ent'ring crawling, as reptiles creep,
He draws the curtain—bares her heart,
The cold air makes her slightly start..

Backward he shrinks, assailed by fear—
She smiles—she dreams he holds her dear,
But wakes not—tho' her sweet lips move,
Breathing his name with fervent love.

Speak again for thine own dear weal ;
More fondly ere he lifts the steel !
Alas ! she sleeps—it glistens high—
He strikes—she wakes with piercing cry,

The blow, tho' mortal, slightly errs ;
Transfix'd he stares—nor breathes nor stirs
Convulsed she rises—grasps his hand—
While horror makes him passive stand.

She locks him in her last embrace,
Murder'd and murderer face to face—
Now conscience startled, claims her throne,
His heart is bleeding like her own.

Her angel-mind forgiveness prays
For him who blighted all her days ;
An angel's look glides o'er her brow,
Her soul's with God in Heaven now.

A maniac on her corse he falls,
With frantic cries for aid he calls ;
Upbraids her for her cold embrace,
Wildly kissing her marble face.

The callous wretch who urged the deed,
Follows her gloating eyes to feed—
He turns ; ah, fiend ! thy victim view—
The steel shall pierce thy foul heart too.

One look of horror and despair ;
One wild wild shriek pierced thro' the air.
One fatal blow—a corse she fell,
Her soul a tenant fit for hell.

The tempest rages fierce without
He rushes forth with madman's shout,
Defying thunder, hail and rain,
While fearful eddies whirl his brain.

On ! on ! he flies—to summit high,
No hand to stay, the deed is nigh ;
He leaps aloft—then sinks in gloom
And echo sounds his earthly doom !

EVA AND HUON.

A BALLAD.

THE bells are ringing merrily
'Tis Eva's bridal morn ;
The sun is shining brilliantly,
Her wedding to adorn.

How proud is Huon of her love,
But prouder of her mind ;
'Tis spotless as th' orange flower—
And pure as gold refined.

Her form is as a fairy's light ;
Her eyes deep lash'd and blue ;
Her flowing tresses auburn bright ;
Her heart as heaven true.

He clasps her to his beating heart
With love's ecstatic glow ;
He sips with bliss her fragrant breath,
In kisses soft and low.

* * * * *

The bridal day hath pass'd away,
The blissful moon hath flown,
A year of earth's best happiness
Their loving hearts have known.

Sweet peace, with love, contentment join,
Their cottage home to bless ;
And Eva smiles upon their child
In perfect happiness.

More dear to them than brightest gem
That decks a jewell'd crown ;
And round their hearts a flowering wreath,
With her hath softly grown.

Her happy laughter cheers their hearts,
Her timid steps they guide ;
Her pretty face of innocence,
They look upon with pride.

At times when blessings flow too fast,
The human heart is prone
To think each life a happy one,
And joyous as its own.

And if uncheck'd, the heart elate
O'erlooks another's woe,
And thinks this life the brightest state,
The human soul can know.

When life presents its golden side,
We fancy all like ours—
That ev'ry path's a pleasant way
Of sunshine and of flowers.

Too soon their pretty flower droops,
Her bloom is fading fast ;
A chilling frost hath nipt the bud,
Too beautiful to last.

A learned leech—a father too,
Tried all his art to save ;
Her life is in kind heaven's hands,
Was all the hope he gave.

The flower fell—now heavy grief
Supplies the fount of love,
And Huon fears that Eva's soul
May join her child's above.

Tho' Huon's grief weighed heavily,
He hid his deepest woe,
And watch'd his Eva with the care
That love can only know.

And when the spring and summer smiles,
How gay that little tomb ;
Where oft the suffering pilgrims come,
And sweetest flowers bloom.

The shock glides off and soft'ning time,
Hath gilded o'er their woe ;
But now the grief of other hearts,
They feel, relieve, and know.

New joys have they with children gay,
Health decks each happy face,
Another Eva cheers their hearts,
And fills the lov'd one's place.

And many years of happy life
Flow swiftly, gaily by;
Another peal proclaims a wife,
By church's holy tie.

And white with age, with blessing's crown'd,
With grandchild on each knee
Huon and Eva reap the fruit
Of love and constancy.

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THE STORM.

OCEAN's broad bosom lies calm and still,

Not a ripple is seen around;
So quietly sleepeth its mighty will,
'Neath the sun in its rest profound;
That happy hearts are deceiv'd by the charm,
As their barque glides on, in its beautiful calm.

Ill-omen'd clouds rise fast from the east,

The wind round the barque whistles now;
The waves dash madly against her breast,
The spray beats over her prow;
And she flies like a maiden before the wind,
Who is striving to leave a foe behind.

Thro' cold, sleet, hail, rain—on flying—'mid gloom,
And wild, wild shouts of the growing storm,
Quick flashes of fire the waves illume,
Sea-birds shriek at its awful form;
Till the rent sails flap o'er the creaking mast,
That awfully swayeth before the blast.

The once glad hearts who now throng her deck,
Pray—'mid the storm fiend's screams and roar,
As already it gloats o'er the coming wreck—
Pushing them on to unfriendly shore.
They near it, men fear it, and some wildly shriek,
As the thunder tongues of the tempest speak.

O'er waves, thro' shoals, the barque drives on;
Like a woman in danger to ruin blind;
Unhelm'd, unguided, she's hurried along,
As helpless as feather before the wind.
While the doom'd to their last hope vainly cling,
That Heaven in mercy may succour bring.

Forlorn, forlorn, the water's gaining,
Faster as man's strength is failing;
Every power the barque is straining,
Hope is turn'd to sad bewailing,
While the tempest plays with its helpless toy,
That its winds and waves will so soon destroy.

Now louder, wilder, shriller shrieking—
Thunders rolling—lightnings flashing—
Waves rising—bursting—timbers creaking—
Madly' gainst the hard rocks dashng.
She yields to the fury of wind and wave,
Down, headlong down, barque and men to their
grave.

The tempest sinks like a child to sleep,
The clouds to the east are flying;
And brightly the sun smiles o'er the deep,
Where the forms of the wreck'd are lying;
No record remains of their fate to speak,
And love for a relic in vain would seek.

THE POEMS FOLLOWING WERE NOT IN THE VOLUME FORWARDED
TO THE RT. HON. SIR E. B. LYTTON, BART., M.P., &c.,
WHEN HE ACCEPTED THE DEDICATION.

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AN ODE TO CAUTION.

Awake, Britannia ! sleep no more,
Thy foes are on the wind,
Its breath might bear them to thy shore ;
To-morrow's sun might find
A hundred thousand bayonets shine ;
A hundred thousand foemen thine ;
Thy children arm'd for all divine,
For country, home, and kind.

Ambition's rapid strides are near,
It's wheels are on the flood,
No timid cry, no female tear
Arrests its steps of blood,

It mounts the gory hill with pride ;
 It bursts the peaceful portals wide :
 It floats upon a gory tide,
 That Hell pronounces good.

Shudd'ring Caution bids thee 'wake,
 To arms ! to arms ! prepare,
 Thy home, thy liberty's at stake,
 And trouble's in the air.
 She looks across a simple sea,
 She bids thee wake to keep thee free,
 The Isle and home of liberty,
 Her refuge in despair.

Guard well thy ports, restore thy towers,
 With sentinel and gun,
 And shew at home thy mighty powers,
 And let thy signals run
 Along the quick electric wire,
 From port to port, like angel fire.
 Nor let thine eye of Caution tire ;
 By foresight much is won.

The lion roused, will win the fight,
 Is strong within its lair,
 Will oft' its hunter put to flight,
 But falls within the snare.

Thine arms of strength are far from thee,
 On distant lands, on distant sea ;
 Draw thy strong sinews near to thee,
 Then let thy foes beware !

IN PRAISE OF THE VIRTUE

OF HUMILITY.

BY JAMES THOMAS.

WITH A PLEASANT HISTORY OF THE AUTHOR.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY J. DODS,

AT THE SIGN OF THE CROWN IN LONDON.

1780.

THE AUTHOR'S HISTORY.

THE AUTHOR IS A YOUNG MAN,

WHO HAS BEEN RECENTLY

ADMITTED INTO THE SOCIETY

OF FRIENDS OF HUMANITY,

AND IS A MEMBER OF THE

CLERICAL SOCIETY.

THE AUTHOR IS A YOUNG MAN,

WHO HAS BEEN RECENTLY

WITHIN THY COT, O, BE CONTENT!

Within thy cot, O, be content!

Tho' humble it may be;

For riches often when they're sent

Bring much of misery.

The butterfly may look more gay,

Its flight seem bright to thee;

But watch the bee upon its way

Of health and industry.

Go view thy cheeks that vie the rose,

The health that lights thy face,

With wealth's, that seeks to find repose

In vain in fashion's race.

Then feel that Heaven's bounteous mind

Displays an equal care,

That all on earth—on earth may find

Of joys an equal share.

ON THE DEATH OF
WELLINGTON.

Weep, weep, Britannia, o'er thine honor'd son,
The world reveres thy woe :
Weep, oh weep, Britannia ! weep thee on,
Thy children's tears will flow
For him who saved thy threaten'd life,
When Europe shuddered with convulsive strife
This world no more can know.

Pause, Mars, oh pause ! thy banners drooping
fall ;
Pause now, if ne'er again :
If tears can stay thine acts that peace appal,
They are not shed in vain.

For he whom once thine influence led
Lies silent as the millions who have bled
Upon thy gory plain.

Know, Fame, oh know ! thy greatest gifts are
vain,

Thine honor ! glory ! power !
For man's poor frame returns to earth again

In thy most brilliant hour.
Cold lyeth now that fame encircled brow,
Oh ! what avails to him that honor now
Thy profuse hand did shower.

Grieve, charity, grieve widows, orphans all,
A friend lies on the bier,

A soul that heard thee in thy faintest call
No more thy voice can hear.

E'en should thy cries like nearest thunder roll,
E'en should they ring from distant pole to pole,
Death silent leaves his ear.

Britannia, when thy tears relieve thy grief,
And time hath solaced thee,
Rejoice, I say, rejoice that earth's great chief
Thou yet again mayst see—
When earthly hopes have passed with passing
time,
Within the realms eternal and sublime
See him enshrin'd in glory.

SIN'S REGISTER.

A mighty Angel stood in light before me,
His brightness ten times ten beyond the sun's,
With brow as gentle as the Atoning One's ;
In halo bright, flashing with rays of glory.
I shut mine eyes to his great brilliancy,
Then heard his voice harmonious quell my fear,
Its gentle sounds arrest my list'ning ear :
" Know'st thou what Book records humanity ?
Within thyself, O, man, that Book is kept,
And all thine acts of vice, when virtue slept ;
There held—until the last—the Judgment Day,
And opened then its records true must lay
Before its God, ere pains or joys begin,
Conscience is the faithful Register of Sin."

THE APPARITION.

"Tis twelve at night, and I alone,

Am sitting in my room,

I hear no sound above my breath,

All, all, is still, as still as death,

As silent as the sullen tomb :

Black night sits on her throne.

I am awake, wide, wide awake,

Not a single sense asleep,

I hear my breath, I feel my hand,

I clearly see, I firmly stand,

My blood begins to chill and creep,

My startled soul to quake.

Whence comes that light, soft gliding nigh,

The grate hath lost its fire;

My lamp is out, each inmate sleeps;

No moonlight thro' the window creeps,

Or gilds the distant village spire,

No star is in the sky.

'Tis a saintly, brilliant light,

In the corridor again;

And soft as is the halo's shine

Around the head of God divine,

And all the holy angel train;

It gains upon my sight.

On, on, it comes within the gloom,

Shining upon my fear;

Still, still, deep silence reigns around,

Oh! I would give the world for sound

To strike upon mine anxious ear,

For a child within my room.

Within its rays a form divine
Floats on a brilliant sea
Of rolling light—an angel bright,
" My love, my love, I die this night,
My heart in life was pledged to thee,
In death my soul is thine."

I try to speak, it waves its hand,
My stifled voice arrests my breath,
Above my fear, in wild amaze
Mine eyes are fixed with steady gaze ;
Watch this bright light of after death,
I like a statue stand.

It threw on me—how tenderly !
A last fond look of love :
It crossed its hands upon its breast,
Where oft' mine head did peaceful rest :
Then pointing one to heaven above,
Passed to eternity.

I swoon'd, and fell upon the floor :

Again I saw a light,

But heard a gentle, stealing tread,

Coming to lead me to my bed,

To chide my wooing of the night ;

My love was at my door.

ONCE UNITED, THEN THE HEART.

Once united, then the heart,
Hears with anguish, fear, and sorrow,
Those two simple words—"we part"
For a season, love, to-morrow.

Time, oh time ! fly swiftly on,
Love divided lives in sorrow ;
Push the crawling hours along.
Till we meet again to-morrow.

Then, oh Time ! then take thy rest,
When love's footsteps soothe mine ear ;
Pause and leave me on the breast,
When thy swift hours too short appear.

VERSES

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH AND FUNERAL OF THE
POET THOMAS MOORE.

The heart of the poet no longer is beating.

The sweet bard of friendship and love is no
more;

His friends, like the sunbeams, were warm and
as fleeting.

For the last tears of friendship were wept by
the poor.

How sadly unhonour'd he pass'd to his rest,
Methinks his bright spirit, o'ershadow'd
with gloom.

For a moment looked dull in the home of the
blest,

That the friendships of earth were so cold
o'er his tomb.

For not one of *that* world, once so warm in
his praise,

Was there to give honour in death's darkest
hour,

That had hung o'er his musical voice and
his lays,

And praised him for sweetness, for beauty, and
power.

Yet there still must be souls who his praises
have sung;

There must still be hearts whom his friend-
ship illumed;

There still must be hands that his warmly have
wrung,

Whose warmth, and whose friendship with
death were entomb'd.

But he lives in a world that is brighter than
this,

Where earth's spirits, releas'd, see their God
and adore;

And there 'mid the "Loves of the Angels"
and bliss,
Is the spirit sublime that on earth was Tom
Moore.

ON THE OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

I saw beneath a brilliant dome of glass,
Four times ten thousand souls assembl'd
there,
Our gracious Queen and noble Consort pass,
'Mid loyal shouts, that shook the vaulted air.
I heard a mighty choir of voices sing,
One voice from aisle to aisle with power ring.
Saw wealth and beauty willing homage pay,
The Court pass on with those who made the
day.

I heard the priest pray heaven its ways to
bless;

Then psalm, and hallelujah—then God save
the Queen.

I felt my soul expanding to caress
The beauteous forms of Art, mine eyes had
seen;

Such days alone, can be excell'd in heaven,
And to upraise his soul to Man are given.

ROSE.

A MONODY.

And art thou gone my pretty one?

Alas! no more I see

Thy smiling face that brightly shone,

That gave to happy hopes a tone

And bright reality:

For all thy little gentle ways

Endear'd thee in a thousand days—

Days when life flowed through thy heart,

Ere death's chill made that flow depart,

Thy soul to pass away.

How placid was thy smile in death!

All, all, was there but thy sweet breath

Endearing words to say.

No more the happy birds will cheer,

No more my dancing knee,

No more my heart can feel thee near,

Tho' to its memory thou art dear,

And all thy love for me.

No more, when lying on thy bed—

The moon her soft beams o'er thee shed,

And throw some shadow on the wall

To raise thy laugh, so strange to fall

Upon mine anxious ear—

No more she'll find thee wide awake,

And merry when most hearts would quake,

And cry aloud for fear.

No more to bloom and grace the spring

When gentle breezes play,

Tho' she glides on with brilliant wings,

And o'er the earth sweet incense flings

From flowers blooming gay.

Thy smiling eyes no more will see

The sunbeam that gave joy to thee,

That showed the fly upon the pane,

No more for thee to shine again,

Or dance upon the wall.

No more will pussy's tail aspire

To please thee with her soft desire,

Or, purring, hear thy call.

No more on shoulder with command,

And laughter's merry face,

Dictate with thy soft, tiny hand,

More potent than a fairy's wand,

Thy wish to join the race :

Or pat with love thy mother's cheek,

To show the love thou could'st not speak,

To win from her that love again,

A love a child ne'er seeks in vain,

When sickness bends it low :

It seems to fix the parents' heart

More firmly, when it soon must part ;

Such love increases woe.

E'en now, when playing with dear Trot

In race with dark-eyed brother,

And laughter rings from faces hot,

With pleasure's tinge, I mourn thy lot,

Mourn with thy loving mother.

Though not a word may pass between,

A grief, is her's, a grief unseen;

And nursed within her inmost heart,

And, like a barb's envenom'd dart,

It, rankling, worries deep :

Her love for thee leaves it to bleed,

Her love for thee was great indeed,

Such love will never sleep.

Thy little heart was full of love,

Tho' it was full of pain,

Tho' it with death for two years strove

Ere God recalled thy soul above,

An Angel's life to gain.

How sweetly patient all was borne,

Tho' pain thy little heart had torn,

And made thy pretty face assume
An older look than childhood's bloom,
Tho' roses still were there:
They were but flowers on the branch
That bloom, tho' earth-worms soon will blanch,
And killing, leave to sere.

Thy pretty form once more I see,
Thy mother, sister nigh,

And thou art sitting on my knee,
The birds are carolling on the tree,
And sunny is the sky.

It was a day in summer then,
A day that ne'er can come again;
But Light and Art, oh, Art sublime!
Snatched, ere it pass'd a form from time.

A shade from time did steal:
A passing sunbeam's ray did snatch,
And left thee playing with my watch,
Thy finger on its wheel.

And oft, when sitting in my room,
Thy form, sweet Rose, I see,
Alike in sunshine and in gloom,
In sickness pale, in health's full bloom,
Rising from death to me :
But it is fancy's idle whim
That through the soul will often swim,
And sail upon a brilliant sea,
Till in the gloom thy form will flee,
And thou art lost in shade.
Oh ! memory oft will softly raise
The form we lov'd in happier days,
Like sunbeams, soon to fade.

And leaves the heart too soon to feel,
How flitting is its power,
How deep the wound it cannot heal,
Tho' it awhile the senses steal,
In fancy's dreamy hour.
For soon we pass from visions vain,
To cold realities again,

And hear the busy hum of life—
Its pains, its joys, its passing strife,
On ears, on heart, and eyes.
It tells us soon we pass away,
Tho' youth, and heart, and hopes, are gay,
'Tis better to be wise.

And if this lesson thou dost teach,
My lost and gentle child ;
If these my words, my heart can reach ;
If this short lay one truth doth teach,
And teach in accents mild ;
If thou from glory's glorious skies,
Can'st make thy father's heart more wise,
When e'er he thinks upon thy death,
Or on thy now immortal wreath,
Thy loss is not in vain.
For Heaven oft the lov'd will take,
Will wound the heart for Heaven's sake,
For Heaven's glorious gain.

